

Nights of Infestation

by Jekkal

Category: Animorphs
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 1999-12-21 09:00:00
Updated: 1999-12-21 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:04:55
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,439
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: The ideal horror fic for Ax.

Nights of Infestation

Nights of Infestation

I walked down to where I normally slept, not feeling well. Something wrong, Ax? Tobias asked me, perching on his tree.

I think I must've run over some roadkill. My stomachs are not feeling good tonight.

Eh. Well, sleep it off. It should be gone in the morning.

Perhaps. I stretched out under my tree, relaxed my tail, and slowly, surely, fell to sleep.

* * *

> <p>Morning came. But it was a cold morning. I looked up to see Tobias, but instead saw a barren tree. Nothing was there. Not my friends, not any animals, nothing.

Is anyone there? I cried out. No answer. Pleaseâ€” somebody answer. I wasn't paying attention to the noise I was hearing. That ignorance would be the last mistake I ever made. SOMEBODY, answer me!

Th-thunk!

Something sharp hit my neck. I pulled it out quickly, noting it was a small sort of dart with fobs of feathery material on the end. What did the humans call it? A tranquilizerâ€”

I began to lose consciousness, but not before I felt myself falling...

I woke up later, again in darkness. Something had tied my tail between my legs where I could not strike, and my arms were tied as well. I listened nervously to whatever I could hear. I heard nothing.

What attacked me? What tied me up? I had still not seen another living thing since I woke up. Who was holding me captive?

W-w-who's out there? I stammered. Answer me. Please.

It's only me, Andalite cousin. You are safe now, from the hunters.

Alloran? I smiled quickly, unsure what to think. Why can't I move? The side of what I began to realize was a ramonite box shimmered, and I saw his face. Only then did I realize my mistake. It was not Alloran who spoke to me but... Visser Three!

Smart child. But not smart enough to get out of this mess. He turned to three Hork-Bajir guards. Have him infested. Visser Seven is waiting.

I was dragged out of my cell by the guards. As they brought me out of the room, I noticed a sign that should've been in Galard, but was mostly gibberish and nonsencical scribbles. Not even Hork-Bajir or Taxxon language. Certainly not human.

I glanced around the pool. Except for Visser Three and the guards, no one was there. No one screaming from the cages. No line of hosts to be reinfested. Just us. Us and that slimy, lead-colored pool.

I noted only one Yeerk swimming around the infestation pier, waiting. There were no other Yeerks in the pool. Something was dreadfully wrong. There were so few people, and yet so much danger!

Somebody help me! Help me! I screamed again in vain, even as I knew no one was in range to hear me. I had to get away, get away...

My knees scraped the steel pier, my lower torso touching against the cold steel. I tried as hard as I could to stay upright, but to no avail. I looked down at the pool, only inches away from my face...

The closest guard held my head roughly, and plunged it in. I tried to thrash, unable to resist any other way. Perhaps if it couldn't recieve a clear sonar image... but it was useless. Another hand came and held my head immobile, ready for the only Yeerk in the pool to enter me.

I felt the gateway of my ear being breached. I kept trying to resist, but calmed slightly as I felt it take over. I had failed... failed to resist...

Well, Visser Seven, how do you like the feel of this new host? The abomination hissed. It took a few seconds fr me to realize... I had become an abomination, too. Just another Andalite-Controller...

I cried. I didn't care who heard me, because there was no one to hear. I didn't care if the Yeerk found out about my friends, because my friends were gone... gone...and then it occured to me... something

about tonight just... wasn't... REAL! I screamed to myself, and almost immediately the scene changed.

I was in the blade ship, At Visser Three's chambers. His old host had grown old, and rather unusable. So Visser Seven had given me up to him... so he could still have an Andalite host...

Visser Seven was a living hell for me. Visser Three was far worse. He had a cold, diabolical mind... he killed nearly every Yeerk who did so much as try to negotiate his orders... and during the nights... it is too painful to dwell upon what he does with his nights...

My personality had aged quickly. Alloran was insane when he was first infested, and seemed to grow saner with each day he had to deal with him... Visser Three was having an opposite effect on me.

"Visser Three." One human-controller sneered, holding a Dracon beam, leveled. "Your presence is required by Visser One. Immediately." He complied grudgingly, and walked down the concourse of the ship to where Visser One stood. And only Visser One. Ever since I woke up that morning.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't you and your latest brat." She sneered at us. "I've been asked by the council to keep you imprisoned until the trial. Let's see how long you'll last."

She led us down into her torture chambers, well designed so that one thing was for certain—" I had a feeling I wasn't coming out in the same shape I'd come in.

She strapped us down into one device, and I could almost feel the pain as a small laser cut into me. Visser Three took most of it, leaving me with the dull feeling of my skin being parted, yet having no pain. He screamed, while I smiled. Finally. I will be free of you! I exulted. All he could do in reply was cringe and howl in pain, as the machine affected him.

Memories began to flow from him... memories I faintly recognized...

The young Andalite was strapped down to the metal boards, unknowing of his predicament. A small ring of metal encircled his head, blinking slightly with impulses of energy. My host howled for the child to be set free, bargaining by trying to pledge his allegiance to me, but I ignored him. This new invention from my scientists, this Dreamband... it was working with such divinity that it was overwhelming to think of it. He would think he was my slave, while he really was only a slave to his dreams... And he would prove a trouble to me no longer.

I opened my eyes.

I saw myself strapped to the boards, but the metal band was broken, sputtering slightly now that I was awake. It all made sense now... in a dream, details are lost... words are unintelligible, because dreams come from the wrong side of the mind to read...and in a dream, no pain is felt. I had felt some things, like the feel of dirt under my hooves, but no pain.

"Ax!" Prince Jake hissed, taking off the Dreamband. "What did they do

to you last night? We've been looking all over!"

Visser Three... he...

"Visser Three nothing." Marco hissed. "Some damn scientist stole you away in the night..." He kicked the now unconscious human. "What'd they do to you?"

I stood up, staring at my hands as though it was the first time I saw them. It does not matter what they did to me. It was all a dream. I glanced back to my Prince. Shall we leave now, Prince Jake?

"I'm not Prince Jake." It hissed, turning around. Instead of Prince Jake's face, I saw Visser Three's!

* * *

> <p>AHHHHHHHHH!!! I screamed as I woke up, hitting my shoudler along the side of the tree. It hurt. And I was glad it hurt.

Ax-man? Are you okay? Tobias dived down, perching in a small, nearby branch.

Better then you'd ever know, Tobias. Better than you'd ever know.

End
file.